

# THE ARTIST.

## A LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published every other Saturday, by EDMUND MORRIS, No. 2, Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—and to whom all letters post-paid, must be addressed. Subscriptions also received at 71, Market st.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1828.

NO. 20

### THE ABBEY OF BOYLE

THE engraving accompanying this number of the *Artist* is taken from a painting of the ABBEY OF BOYLE, situated near Lough Key, in the county of Rosecommon, Ireland. It stands on the bank of a deep and very rapid stream, over which was once a fine bridge, now in ruins. The Abbey was built of grey hewn stone, in the gothic order, surmounted by battlements and towers, standing in the middle of a large court yard, and the whole surrounded by a massive wall. On each side of the gateway were two square lodges, facing the bridge, designed for the accommodation of the porters. The Abbey was once celebrated for the purity and sanctity of the Lady Abbess, who, descended from a rich and powerful family, gave up the world, and all its fascinating allurements, for the calm and undisturbed seclusion of the cloister; and though perhaps in some desponding moment, when the recollection of by-gone days came pleasingly across her heart, she might have cast "one longing, lingering look behind;" yet never, when in the midst of her vestal band, were worldly thoughts or worldly wishes cherished. But the days of its prosperity have passed away,—the once stately edifice is now a lonely ruin, and the "long grass o'ertops its mouldering wall." The owl and the bat fly undisturbed through those lofty chambers which once echoed to vesper hymn, and the convent's pealing bell: yet the stranger still delights to pause and gaze upon what was once so beautiful—though its lofty battlements and majestic towers no longer stand in proud magnificence—but scattered in wild ruin around, serve but to cover the graves of the illustrious dead. Though now consigned to silence and oblivion, yet has tradition treasured many a tale of its former splendor, when all Europe bowed to the mandate of imperial Rome.

FROM FLINT'S WESTERN REVIEW.

JEMIMA O'KEEFE.  
A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

[Concluded.]

But Jemima was not a personage to become enervated by grief. On the contrary she had a spirit, which, had it not been imprisoned in the precincts of a petticoat, might have made her a conqueror. She waded the Monongahela. She crossed one stream upon a fallen tree; and another she paddled over in the first canoe she could find, without inquiring very scrupulously, concerning the owner. Her appetite was not keen the first two or three days of her journey. But she roasted clams on the Ohio, and ate pawpaws, wherever she found them. She asked for milk and bread and cheese on her way back, in the same tone—and with the same air, which she had commanded on coming out. Most of the nights she slept under a tree. But when she staid at a house, nobody heard her complain—or tell the story of her wrongs, or affect in any way the forlorn damsel. Whatever curiosity might have been excited, on her part, her look and manner repressed the expression of it,—and one would have thought, that she had changed place with them, and that she was obligor, and they obligee. Jemima had discovered, that if any one has the tooth ache, or the heart ache, it is much the wisest plan to keep it to himself.

In short, she threaded back the hundred and twenty leagues with a firm and unbroken spirit. In something more than forty days

from her departure, she crossed the Big Miami, and presented herself at the cabin door, from which she had escaped. The savage owner uttered one of the loudest interjections, when he saw her again. To-ne-wa, or the quick thunderclap, was brother of the chief, and had been, as we have seen, her admirer, and had suffered as much from her absence, as such a heart as his could be supposed to feel. Whoo! Whoo! says he. Who have we here? You run off. You come back. Pale face no good. You like red skins best. Truth was, the gallant bearing, and the reverential forbearance of To-ne-wa, whose slave she had been, and with whose mother she had lived, had undoubtedly made a certain progress in her affections, and there is no doubt she would have yielded to his respectful suit, had not her heart been effectually shielded by impressions of duty, and recollections of Jacob, the elder, and Jacob the younger, at Red Stone. That tie Jacob and Joan had broken forever—and nothing now stood between her heart and the fine manly person of To-ne-wa, who had uniformly treated her curve nose with almost the same respect, as Jacob had shown, although, by the fortune of war, she was his slave.—The warrior, moreover, wore a blue soldier coat, faced with red, over a large chintz gown; and a small high crowned wool hat, with three pewter buckles in the band. His face was painted to a charm. He wore a large silver nose jewel. When he stepped, two hundred brass tinklers shook at once, from his knees down to his red and yellow moccasins. He was, besides, a man of authority in his tribe, and a fierce warrior, and a successful hunter. Nor was there a red skin beauty in the tribe, that would not have accepted the place, offered to Jemima, with pride and joy. Could Jemima be insensible to the charm of subduing her master, and ruling him, who, next the chief, ruled all about him? It was, indeed, a proud triumph for Naze Haken.

Here would be the place to recite the particulars of the courtship. But brevity, as I think, is the life of these narratives, and I hasten to the *denouement*. They were married, after the Indian fashion; and a most glorious pow wow had To-ne-wa, when he called the curve nose his own squaw. He never before sung *he-aw-haw-hum* with such energy, and, in dancing, he beat up the ground, like the pestles of a powder mill. Poor To-ne-wa had to pay the fiddler for that dancing, and became gradually enlightened to the fact—that the gift of command is universal in its claims and enforcements. By hook she managed his savage and fierce spirit this way, until she had him as completely in check, as she ever had Jacob. Soon after marriage, she told him that they must have a good log house, like the whites. Whoo! says To-ne-wa, big house no good! and he flouted, and flung, like a bad school boy under correction. But the Indians were soon collected, to raise a good hewn log house. Jemima ceased not to tease him, until it was comfortably fitted up within. Next she told him, they must have an apple orchard, fences, and corn fields. Whoo! says To-ne-wa. Me no love work, like pale face. Me love hunt bear, hunt buffalo. But To-ne-

wa was soon in this city, making a trade for five hundred nursery apple trees, and he was directly surrounded with fences, and his house was in the centre of a fine large corn field.—To-ne-wa, as had been his wont in former days, was overtaken with drunkenness; and he, who feared no other thing or being, in the universe, appeared before his wife, as a thieving apprentice comes before his master, that has caught him in the fact of stealing. A son was born to them, which she named Jacob,—and the husband called Mock-e-wagh, or half white skin. When the boy was six years old, Jemima told her husband, that Jacob must learn his book, like the whites. This was the unkindest cut of all. To-ne-wa doted on little Mock-e-wagh, and intended to raise him to be a companion for him in scouring the woods; and would as soon have thought of putting him an apprentice to a man milliner, as to learn him to read. The settling this point had like to have come to a drawn battle. To-ne-wa got drunk upon his ill humor in the case, and threatened Jemima; but her nose never was curved more inflexibly. She called him drunken brute; and asked him, if he tho't that she would allow her dear Jacob to be raised like a beast, as he was. Whoo! says To-ne-wa, you are 'heap medicine; you what pale face call *she devil*. But young Jacob was sent to the missionaries at the Maumee rapids. Nothing could prove more conclusively, that the power of commanding is a gift—and knows how to enforce its claims upon one race, as well as another. It was like making a squaw with [the fierce warrior, to part with Mock-e-wagh. The parting extorted tears from him, and the gust of sorrow might have ended in ill temper, if the mother had not pushed off her son.

Whoever goes that way now, sees a snug log house, large fields, a neat apple orchard, bending with fruit—pear, peach, and plumb trees, and five or six children, dressed neatly after the American fashion. They are all instructed; and it is a sight, to cheer a good man's heart, to see them sitting of a sabbath evening, one above another, according to their ages, with their bible, or spelling books in their hands, and To-ne-wa every where boasts, that his pappooses read better than those of the whites about him; and it is a question—whether Jacob shall become a lawyer, or a minister. The husband himself has become, in some sense, a civilized man, and a convert to our ways.

It is not two years since To-ne-wa's wife was seen in this city, with a two horse wagon, and a tidy looking half blood boy, with his switch in hand, to keep off marauders from the wagon. She was loaded with cranberries and maple sugar to the market. Some of the people, as is their wont, turned over the sugar, curving their noses, and curling their lip a little, and asked if it was *clean*? Jemima answered with a still sharper curve. Whoo! let your squaw come and see me, and I will learn her any day, to keep a clean house.

HONORABLE SERVICE.

If one hath served thee, tell the deed to many;  
Hast thou served many—tell it not to any.—OPITA.

## MANNERS OF THE MODERN TURKS AND PERSIANS COMPARED.

In commercial transactions the Turk is just, and rarely breaks his word: the Persian barter his oath like any other commodity. We read in Plato and Herodotus, that the ancient Persians had a horror of lying: how much their descendants have degenerated! The Persians of the present day are the most lying people upon earth. They are accustomed in their infancy to dissimulate, to reply pertly when they are called to account or reprimanded, and to get out of a scrape by means of subterfuges: every lie is blameless in their eyes which tends to their interest. The dogmas of their sect authorize them to dissemble and to lie when they are in a foreign country, where they must conceal their faith, and not allow themselves to disclose those things which they have most at heart. It may be judged, then, how far ignorance and wickedness can stretch this religious precept. Our love for truth, and horror for lying, excited their astonishment. A person of the highest rank at the Persian court testified his surprise to a French agent in the following words:—"What, not mix a little falsehood with affairs? That appears to me impossible; I cannot conceive how they can be managed without lying." He then added, in a low voice, "Truth has its merit, however, and we who lie five hundred times a-day are not perhaps any the forwarder for it." Cunning and deceitful, the Persian is never afraid to break his engagements. When he keeps his word, it is only because it is impossible to do otherwise. He will leave no means untried to evade it; and he easily finds false witnesses to assist him in cases of difficulty. This sort of people are still more common in Persia than in Turkey, where they are nevertheless common enough. The crime of theft, which is very rare among the Ottomans, is frequent with the Persians, who commit it without scruple.

The Turk is covetous; he loves money; but in this he only resembles other nations.—the Persian carries this passion to the extreme. In Persia, the smallest service can be obtained only by gold. The great men of the state are here distinguished from the populace by their more bare-faced cupidity, and the most odious avarice. A superior cannot be approached without a present, especially when his protection is sought for. The Persian is so thoroughly imbued with this way of thinking, that, whenever I arrived in a capitol, I was asked if I had something to offer to the governor.

The Turk is very magnificent in his presents, when guided by ostentation, gratitude, or humanity. But the hands of the Persian, always open to receive, are never open to give: when he cannot do otherwise than give, his gifts are confined within very narrow limits. He ruins himself only in promises, and in these he may, indeed, be said to be munificent. If you extol the beauty of a horse, a sabre, or any other article, he immediately says, "*I give it you.*" If you are delighted with a field bearing a rich crop, or with a smiling valley, he says, "*I make you a present of it.*" But this is all mere ceremony, and never turns out to mean any thing. The Spaniards have the same custom, which they have no doubt derived from the Arabs.

The Persians and Turks, like all the rest of the Asiatics, are unacquainted with that refined and delicate love which constitutes the happiness of civilized man. They are constantly under the influence of jealousy, arising from their suspicious disposition, and the idea of their own superiority. The majority of them look upon their wives as the slaves of

their desires and caprices, and as designed only to perpetuate the species. Contempt produces distrust, and distrust gives rise to jealousy. The women cannot go abroad without being entirely veiled. Lodged in an insulated apartment, known by the name of *harem*, (which we improperly call *seraglio*\*) they are allowed to receive their intimate female friends, and sometimes pass several days without seeing their husband; to whom they then send his meals in the saloon. The promenades, the bath, musicians, dances, and game, are the pleasures which the women of the East procure in order to pass away their time agreeably. They also enjoy the company of their father's and their husband's male relations, and that of a few old neighbours. Fond of repose and tranquility, they are in a great measure occupied with the affairs of their household, in which they have despotic sway; so that a husband would not dare to discharge a domestic without their consent. The power which they have over his children is also very great; they have the entire care of their education, and the right of marrying them. It seems that both the laws and the custom of these countries have wished to make some amends to the women for the privations which in other matters they are obliged to suffer.

I can hardly believe that the Persians and the Ottomans in general experience those endearments of conjugal love which render the wife a comforter in distress, a friend partaking of our pleasures and our pains. How, indeed, can a woman conceive a profound attachment for her husband, when she knows that there are others under the same roof who are honored with the same title as herself, and admitted to share his bed?

The number of wives is limited by the law to four. The Persians take a fifth for a certain time; after which she is loaded with presents, and set at liberty. This sort of marriage is called *muttah*: these women may be compared to kept mistresses in Europe, the only difference being, that in Persia such contracts are made public, and are not dishonorable.

Some travellers have extolled the beauty of the Persian women, and especially those of the province of Yezd: there are, indeed, pretty women in these as in all other countries. The Georgian blood which is spread throughout Persia causes the children to be born with remarkable features, but they lose them entirely as they advance in age; and I believe that the Turkish blood is in general purer than the Persian. There are not amongst the Persian women any of those elegant shapes which are to be seen amongst our European females. The charms of the former, it is true, being entirely concealed by the manner in which they are dressed, cannot be precisely estimated. Accustomed to the sight of robes displaying graceful forms, I could not help fancying I saw in the Persian females only animated masses, resembling so many indistinct shades.

Their head is adorned with a fillet or a cap of greater or less value, the form of which they vary according to their taste; they frequently cover it with a shawl, which they dispose in a thousand different ways. The wives of the people wear only a plain black handkerchief about their head. Their hair flows in tresses behind; and before it are turned back over the forehead some ringlets, falling negligently down each side upon the cheeks.

\* *Serail*, or rather *serai*, is said not of the harem, but of the whole palace. The house of a Persian lord, though he have no apartment for women, is nevertheless called *erai*.

The shift which they wear reaches to the waist, and is of red silk or white cotton; tied with a string that passes over the shoulders, it hides the palpitations, sighs, and movements of a bosom enervated by the vapour-baths habitually taken in the east. The gown or robe is open before, being closed only over the breast by means of loops, or of small gold, silver, or silk-covered buttons. This robe is also confined round the body by an embroidered girdle, adorned in front with a plate of gold or silver. The wives of the common people tie round them a Kerman shawl, or some other of less value, of silk or cotton, manufactured in their own country. The Persian women, as well as the men wear very wide silk or cotton drawers. They, as well as the men, wear none but short knitted stockings, woollen or cotton, of various colours.—The women wear on their feet a sort of slippers, some of which have high heels, and others are flat and shod with iron at the point; they are made of horse or goat skin, prepared and died green or red.

None of the women can appear in the street uncovered. The face is concealed by a cotton veil, in which are made two little openings for the eyes. The whole body is wrapped in a sort of white shroud. The wives of the common people also make use of cotton stuff; but it is chequered white and black, and is of Persian manufacture.

Such is the general dress of the women.—They make use of additional embellishments, according to the means and liberality of their husbands. The heads and necks of these ladies sparkle with pearls and precious stones, their fingers are loaded with rings, and to their arms are attached bracelets enriched with jewels.

The dress of the men has not the imposing and majestic air which characterises that of the Turks. The shirt, of red silk or white cotton, is not open at the breast like ours, but at the side; it is fastened with a button or lace, and reaches only to the waist. The breeches are wide, and nearly resemble our pantaloons. The Persians never wear a cravat, even on the severest days of winter.—Upon the shirt they put a garment, which descends half-way down the thigh; it covers the breast, and is tied with two strings. Over this first habit they wear a second of silk, red, green, or of some other colour, of very close texture, open before, and decorated on each side with a row of buttons of gold or silver thread; the sleeves are slit in front, and likewise buttoned. They tie round the waist a Kerman shawl, or one of more common quality; and all, except the *mirzas*, fasten to it a kind of *khanjar* or knife.

Most of the rich cover themselves in winter with a kind of pelisse or sheepskin, lined with the wool of the same animal. The principle nobles of the court wear black fox, martin, and other furs. The common people have a cloth great-coat, with slit sleeves.

All the Persians indiscriminately, from the king down to the meanest of his subjects, wear on the head a cap of lamb or sheep skin, surmounted by a bit of red cloth or printed cotton. Each tribe is distinguished by the particular form which it gives to the upper part of this head-dress. A Cashmere shawl is wrapped about the cap when its wearer makes his appearance at court.

The Persians shave their heads, leaving only two locks of hair behind the ears. In Persia, Musselmans, Jews, Armenians, all let their beards grow. They frequently dye them black or red, so that a white one is seldom seen. This a coquetry to which the old men are very eager to resort. These people attach great importance to the length of their

beard: it will hardly be believed, that the first eulogium they bestow on Feth-Ali-Shah relates to his beard. It is certainly remarkably long, as it descends to his waist.

The Persian architecture is more regular and elegant than that of the Turks; it appears to me to owe its origin to the taste which these people have always had for a wandering life. Every house has a garden, or at least a court planted with trees. The apartments, of which the pictures form the only ornament, are very neat: their furniture consists only of a thick carpet laid upon the floor, and extending the whole length of the room; around are felts which are narrower and finer, upon which they sit. The Persians are unacquainted with the pleasure of lying at ease upon a sofa. Their luxury is more in imagination than in reality. They have no idea of those elegant apartments which the refinement or the superfluities of life has in Europe. Their chambers have windows ornamented with coloured glass; outside, and in front of them, is hung a kind of shade, to moderate the heat of the sun within the apartment, which is open on all sides, and is entered by lifting a *perdek* or carpet that serves as a door. The reception-chambers, decorated with pictures, very much resemble tents. Nothing can be more cool and agreeable than these serails, disposed on the banks of rivulets, and surrounded with verdant trees.

The luxury of the ancient Persians was unbounded: that of the Persians of the present day is far from equaling it; it is even inferior to that of the Turks. For what are the garments worn by the former, when compared with the rich mohair pelisses, or the flowing vests of magnificent cloth in which the Ottomans are habited. The Persians perhaps keep more horses in their stables than their neighbours do; but the harness is more magnificent in Turkey than in Persia. The Persian contents himself with having a numerous train of domestics around him when he goes abroad for pleasure, or to pay a visit. The great man goes on horseback and his servants follow on foot.

The Persians are much more voluptuous and refined in their pleasures than the Turks. After a repast, they frequently have perfumed water brought them to wash their hands in. When they go abroad for pleasure, they always carry with them sweetmeats, ices, and sherbet. There are few Persians who go a journey without their galeoun, and a brasier to light it. They do not smoke for so long a time as the Turks, who never lay aside the pipe until the tobacco is consumed; but renew this enjoyment more frequently, taking only a few whiffs each time. When they drink it is from a vase of the richest and most transparent porcelain, in which there is always put a certain quantity of ice.

Notwithstanding their extreme sensuality, the Persians are more temperate than the Turks. The great men in Persia are very nice in the article of cookery; they have roast-meats and high seasoned dishes. But the ordinary meal at mid-day consists only of a ragout, together with *yoghaurt*, (a kind of sour milk) preserves, or sweetmeats, of which this people are particularly fond, and in the preparation of which they excel. For supper they have a *pilau*, which they prepare in various ways. Their drink is vinegar, the juice of the pomegranate, citron, or barberry, or curdled milk, diluted with water. The Persians and Turks of the present day are not, as their forefathers were, rigid observers of the precepts which forbid the drinking of wine. Nevertheless those who transgress are still obliged to do it in secret. In every part of Persia where the vine grows, the Armeni-

ans, and Jews make the wine, and sell it to the Persians. The Turks are more addicted than their neighbours to the vice of drunkenness.

The little freedom of manners, the jealousy of the men, and the rigorous seclusion of the women, gave rise in Persia and Turkey to the establishment of public places for smoking and taking coffee. These establishments were become in Persia houses of debauchery. An end was at last put to these shameful disorders by the severe decrees of the government; the places were undoubtedly abolished, on account of the troubles which agitated the empire after its invasion by the Afghans. In Turkey these establishments have been preserved. There the idle go and pass away the day in smoking, and in drinking that liquor which so delightfully excites the brain, and quickens every sense. There the men of business spend their hours of relaxation, and the politicians discuss the affairs of state.—These places are particularly frequented during the time of the Ramazan.

The Europeans have very exaggerated ideas of the cleanliness of the orientals, to which the ablutions ordered by their religious laws have given rise. But the Persians appeared to me to be still more negligent in this important article than the Turks. Both sexes consider they pay sufficient attention to cleanliness in performing five ablutions a-day, and going to the bath. Imagine a large reservoir of hot water, which is renewed scarcely once in ten days; and in which men and women at different hours, come to immerse themselves; and you will have an idea of the vapour-baths in use amongst the Persians. No Christian is permitted to enter them, lest his body should pollute a water which of itself emits a pestilential odour. As an European, I was allowed to use the bath. I had one day a mind to go into this reservoir, but was quickly repelled by the mephitic vapour rising from it as I approached. It is not thus in Turkey. There Mussulmans and Christians, indiscriminately, are rubbed and washed by a boy who attends the bath, in rooms into which hot and cold water are admitted by different taps, and constantly renewed. The Persian never uses a handkerchief, his fingers serving instead of that article. He carries his filthiness so far, as sometimes to wear the same shirt for a fortnight. Both rich and poor are frequently covered with vermin, which is also seen on their clothes, and on the carpets in their apartments. It may with truth be said, that the Persian knows cleanliness only by the name.

I conclude this parallel with a reflection which will not, I think, appear a rash one.—The Persian, degenerate as he is, might, with wiser and juster laws, and a government less despotic and arbitrary, model his manners after those of the European nations; but the Turk, notwithstanding he possesses qualities which give him in some respects the advantage over the Persian, will never be able to free himself from his religious and political shackles, and take his place amongst the nations more advanced than his own in civilization.—*Monthly Magazine*.

The rich and the poor have their hours of sorrow and their intervals of joy; neither property nor wealth exempts them from feeling the common calamities of life, nor confers that happiness we so eagerly pursue, but which we must not experience till our race is finished, and our work done.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

E'er yet her child has drawn its earliest breath  
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—  
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems  
The very substance of immortal dreams.—*Wernicke*.

#### PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Every body knows that this unhappy poet was an atheist. He was the companion of Lord Byron in Italy, and perhaps to his pernicious sentiments we may ascribe much of the noble poet's misanthropy and scepticism. At an early age he published a work under the extravagant and blasphemous title of "The Necessity of Atheism," for which he was very properly expelled from the University of Oxford. His whole life was an illustration of the absurdity and evil tendency of his opinions. He was finally drowned, at the age of 29 years, by the upsetting of an open boat near Leghorn. His body was not found until fifteen days after. Lord Byron superintended his obsequies, of which Capt. Medway has given a minute account. The annexed lines were written by him, while residing near Naples, in dejection and ill health. They are really beautiful, and we could wish they had emanated from a better source.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple moon's transparent light:  
Around are unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
Is flashing round me and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion.  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion

Alas! I have no hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned—  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,  
Others I see whom these surround—  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away my life of care,  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan;  
They might lament—for I am one  
Whom men love not—and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

#### LOVE—BY MISS LONDON.

There is a grief that wastes the heart,  
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes;  
When hope, deferred but to depart,  
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs:  
When love's bark with its anchor gone,  
Clings to a straw, and still trusts on.  
Oh more than all! methinks that love  
Should pray that it might ever be  
Beside the burning shrine, which had  
Its young heart's fond idolatry.  
Oh, absence is the night of love!  
Lovers are very children then:  
Fane'ring ten thousand feverish shapes,  
Until their light returns again.  
A look, a word, is then recalled,  
And thought upon, until it wears,  
What is perhaps a very shade,  
The tone and aspect of our fears.

#### ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept;—and from his side,  
A woman in her magic beauty rose,  
Dazzled and charm'd he call'd that woman "Bride."  
And his first sleep became his last repose.—*Beaumont*.

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26, 1828.

A correspondent complains that we have twice published the story of the ox who could travel to Peking in a week: And he adds a very significant hint, that if we are guilty of the like offence a second time, he will stop his subscription to the Ariel. Verily, thou art a modest man and a reasonable one! An Editor (who of necessity has a great many things running in his head) might as well undertake to remember every item he publishes from one year's end to another, as for this sensible correspondent to attempt squeezing blood out of a turnip.—A man in any other calling may commit an error with impunity. But a printer may not—no one forgives him. And besides, the complaint comes with a bad grace, for the unfortunate article referred to, was one of the best which has appeared in the Ariel, and would not suffer if it were republished a dozen times.

*Miseries of Editors.*—Among the many miseries which our calling is subject to, may be named that of selling papers to be paid for *in trade*—that is, a shoemaker will pay in shoes, a brushmaker in brushes—(though money knows we get brushed enough, without having to pay for it,) and so on with the whole catalogue of tradesmen. In the country especially, this trading system is carried to still greater extent. Frequent and bitter are the wailings which we sometimes hear from our editorial brethren in the country. Of the many, however, the following exceeds all—

*Fiddling.*—Sitting, looking very composedly over our subscription list a few days since, in popp'd a good natured, jolly looking fellow, who accosted us with "I was thinking, I would take your paper." "Very well sir," was the reply, (accompanied with our best bow,) "But as I am a *mechanic*," said he, "and it is always the rule to take each other's work in the way, I want to take it out in trade." As it is our desire to accommodate and please our friends, we replied "that there was no doubt we could make arrangements," and inquired his trade. "A fiddler!" was the answer.—"Ye gods! take our pay in fiddling! We let him have the paper!—glad to receive even that for it!!!"—*Belvidere Apollo.*

The Editor of the Messenger, printed at Washington, D. C. was waited on in much the same way, by a *dentist*, who offered to take the paper if the editor would let him *draw teeth to pay for it*.

To cap the climax of all this, read the annexed paragraph from the New York Courier—

We had a more horrifying proposition made to us yesterday: A dark looking man wished to take the Courier on the same terms. We were on the point of agreeing to "take it out in trade," when we discovered that the man was an *undertaker*.

*The Wedding Ring.*—This beautiful little poem, by Miss Mitford, is taken from the London FORGET ME NOT, one of most splendid New Year's Gifts which has been issued from the press. A fine engraving accompanied the poem, representing a young man in a jeweller's shop purchasing a ring for his betrothed, who, as it was held up for her to examine, started back from the sight, as if overcome by maiden timidity and bashfulness.

## THE WEDDING RING.

Nay, Annie, start not thus aside,  
Nor strive to reach the door,  
When we have ta'en a ten mile ride,  
To view the goldsmith's store.  
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,  
And that fine glittering thing,—  
And look—oh dearest far to me!—  
On this plain golden ring.  
Wilt thou not look!—Nay shrink not, sweet,  
Nor turn thine eyes away:  
What canst thou see in yon dull street,  
And this no market day?  
Two children toddling home from school,  
Link'd gravely hand in hand;  
An old wife perch'd upon a stool  
Beside her apple-stand.  
A burly burgess, grand of pace,  
As vessel under sail,  
A bandbox'd Miss, all smirk and grace,  
With founce, and scarf, and veil;

And, as I live, on spavin'd steed,  
Our Vicar spare and wan:—  
Full soon may we his reverence need,  
Heaven shield the holy man!  
Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,  
Nor turn away thine eye,  
Nor hang thy head, or sidling stand,  
As the whole world were by.  
There's none to scare my trembling dove,  
Or her sweet shame to see—  
And, that's the very finger, love,  
And that the ring for me!

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Buffalo, N. Y. January 1, 1828.

SIR.—I enclose to you the amount of my subscription to the Ariel, which, by the way, I should have sent to you two months ago. I would gladly have sent double the amount if that had been your price, as I have read no paper for the last ten years, with which, the cheapness considered, I have been so well pleased as with your little Ariel. That you have met with so much success, I am truly glad to learn: because, in the first place, I think the paper worth every cent of money charged for it, and next, because the wonderful circulation of periodicals is certain evidence of an increasing growth of literary taste, which cannot fail to be eminently useful to the country. I trust you will excuse my saying so much, when my only business was to remit you a dollar; but from many notices to correspondents and others, which I have at various times read in the Ariel, I am inclined to think that a few lines from a subscriber will not be unacceptable. Though your sheet is smaller than a city, or a country newspaper, yet to look at it, I should suppose quite as much labor and time was required to select and arrange matter for it. I have been particularly pleased with the scraps which you give us under the title of "An Olio;" and to select these, it appears to me no small labor, as you are obliged to consult so many different sources, from each of which a little is drawn. The poetical selections have also met my approbation, as, in general, have the prose articles. That an editor should sometimes publish a silly article, is not to be wondered at, seeing that so many hundred articles of every description do get into print; and I am always inclined to make allowances for the many delays and vexations which, I have often heard, are peculiar to the vocation of an editor. Of the want of prompt payment, too many complain—and perhaps very justly. This would seem strange—that subscribers should delay their payments, when they consider that newspaper reading is four times as cheap as any other kind, and that in this country it is at least fifteen times cheaper than in England. For myself, the few papers which I take are regularly paid for; and if all subscribers were as punctual, in general, printers would not have so great a reason to complain. I shall continue to take the Ariel so long as it is conducted in its present satisfactory manner; and remain your well wisher,

## LOCAL.

The number of deaths in Philadelphia for the week ending the 12th inst. was 64; of these, five were of consumption, and four of Small Pox. Sixteen were under one year, and one between ninety and an hundred.

*Vaccination.*—During the past year, 1724 persons have been vaccinated in Philadelphia. In Baltimore, where the population is but little more than half that of this city, the number vaccinated during the same period, was 4536! It is no wonder that our weekly bills of mortality have reported from six to ten deaths by Small Pox, for the last two months.

*El Fenix.*—A weekly paper, in Spanish, in quarto form, devoted to literature, commerce, and politics, is shortly to appear in this city. We doubt its success.

## LITERARY.

*The Red Rover.*—This long expected novel by the author of the Spy, &c, is now in the hands of one half the novel reading public of our city. For ourselves, we have only looked into it; and for the gratification of our readers, may give them a chapter in our next number. Great satisfaction is expressed by those who have

perused the work. It is pronounced fully equal, if not greatly superior to any of Mr. Cooper's preceding works, and entirely calculated to maintain the high reputation which they have gained for him. The Red Rover has been stereotyped, and an edition of ten thousand copies printed, more than one half of which, we understand, are already sold.

*The Celestial Trio.*—A paper, bearing this very foolish and silly title, is to be issued at Middlebury, Ohio.

Another daily paper is to be issued at Albany, N. Y; and a new Gazette has just issued from Newark, Ohio.

*The Rural Folio*, a literary paper, has made its appearance at Rensselaerville, N. Y. Is it not a little remarkable, that for every ten new papers which start into existence, not two old ones are known to expire?

The publication of the *Register of Pennsylvania* was commenced in this city on the 5th instant. Its objects are similar to those of Niles's Register; price five dollars a year, issued every Saturday; and, out of the many periodicals which have lately sprung up in this city, like hasty fungi, it is almost the only one worth encouraging.

*Value of Poetry.*—By a statement in the Morning Courier, it appears that the sums of money paid to Lord Byron, by Murray, the bookseller, for his poetical writings, amounted to 74,220 dollars. This is a neat little fortune to be made by scribbling. The time occupied in writing could not have been but a few weeks, as Byron was known to be very prolific in his fancies.

*Southern Review.*—We understand that the present patronage to this work will enable its proprietors to issue 1500 copies of the first number, which is to appear early in next month.

It is stated in the Virginia papers that the prospectus for the publication of the Jefferson papers will be offered for subscription during the present month. These papers were, for the most part, noted for publication, and chronologically arranged by the author during his life. They are miscellaneous in their character, consisting of a memoir of himself, terminating in the year 1789, when he became secretary of state to Genl. Washington, and a volume in our correspondence from 1779, to his death. It is supposed that the work will comprise three octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each, to be accompanied by a portrait of the author, and a *fac simile* of the Declaration of Independence, as originally prepared, and of the subsequent alterations made by the different members of the committee.

*New Year's Addresses.*—From among the many poems, commemorative of the New Year, which we have received, we select the following as superior to them all, and as evincing no small share of poetic talent. It was presented to the readers of the *Virginia Herald*, printed at Fredericksburg, Va.

Enlivened with feelings the Season inspires,  
And filled with the hopes that to Printers belong,  
When warmed with the comforts of Holy-day fires,  
And gladdened by innocent pleasures and song;  
The News-Boy, at fashion and duty's behest,\*  
His tribute of verses that flow from the heart,  
To you by whose kindness his labors are blest,  
On this era of transport presumes to impart.

What tho' on his harp-strings the muses ne'er breathed,  
And the trumpet of glory ne'er uttered his name;  
While those with the garlands of Truth are inwreathed,  
And this is untouched by the mildews of shame!  
To his numbers, then, patrons! be lenient and kind—  
Receive them as proof of your carrier-Boy's zeal,  
Who, boasting but little of music or mind,  
Is honest and fervent in prayers for your weal.

As he greets you with smiles on this holy-day morn,  
And all the good wishes the season can bring—  
New hopes and new joys in the bosom are born,  
And brighten the shadows of winter's dark wing,  
From the numberless blessings that crown'd the past year  
He gathers the promise of blessings renewed,  
When the woodlands and gardens, now ravaged and sear,  
In their verdure and beauty again shall be viewed.

\*The word "*command*" was, by mistake, substituted for "*behest*" in the copies issued on the first instant. Those who have that address by them will please make this proper correction.

As his memory retraces the seasons just flown,  
Emotions of thankfulness thrill through his breast,  
For mercies that God to this people has shewn—  
In the plenty with which this Republic is blest—  
In the smiles that no sorrow, nor tempest, nor gloom,  
Was permitted to turn from their purpose benign;  
In periods abounding in fruitage and bloom,  
And countless enjoyments from sources divine.

Here the angel of health, from his throne on the mountains  
To the uttermost bounds of the sea-girdled plain,  
Has poured forth the balm of his nectarine fountains,  
And fever and wretchedness fled from his reign.  
Escaped from the bloodshed and carnage of war,  
And crowned with the evergreen chaplets of glory,  
Our country displays to the nations afar  
A grandeur unknown to the annals of story.

In the craine of justice unsullied and bright,  
A pattern for rulers and kingdoms, she shines;—  
The friend of the stranger, the guardian of right,  
Her fame all the virtues of Freedom combines.  
In vain the fell demon of faction may rage,  
And threaten the honors that beam on her brow,  
For the wisdom that guides her was taught by a sage,  
At the sound of whose name Dissection shall bow.

A voice from the grave of her Washington cries,  
Whose warning the fiercest and vilest men heed;  
It thrills through the heart of the good and the wise,  
And they join in behalf of their country to plead.—  
Of the sin-livings and deeds of our fathers it tells—  
Their lofty disdain of all baseness commands;—  
On the honor and safety of Union it dwells,  
And bids us be patriots, and brothers, and friends.

What wretch but an infamous traitor would dare  
The emblems of Liberty's Saviour to spurn?  
Who would not his breast in the battle-storm bare,  
Or rush where the faggots of martyrdom burn,  
To shield from the rage of the Demagogue's ire,  
This temple of Freedom cemented with blood!—  
To guard, as the vestals protected their fire,  
Her shrines from the ravage of tempest and flood!

The chambers of Faction that run through the land,  
With the impotent passions that breed them, shall die;  
Like vapors exhaled from a feculent strand,  
The glooms that o'erspread our political sky  
Shall dissolve, and be lost, in the deluge of light  
Which the day-spring of truth is diffusing around;  
And Liberty's firmament, cloudless and bright,  
With the music of rapture and peace shall resound.

The boy whom your bounty so kindly sustains,  
 May herald ere yet the fleet coursers of time  
 Have circled again their magnificent plains:—  
 But whether in gladness or sorrow, he brings  
 To his patrons the tidings impressed on his sheet,  
 He hopes that as yearly his carol he sings,  
 Their holy-day smiles and their kindness to meet.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

*The March of Mind.*—The march of mind, so conspicuous at the present crisis, is not unlike what soldiers call *Mark Time*; a prodigious noise and shuffling of feet, but no onward movement; a march, in fact, without advance.—*Vanity in Horses.*—Amongst many other whims of Mr. Holland, a gentleman of eccentric character, who died recently at Gayswerth, he would never permit his horses to be shod. He used to say it would make them proud, and they would be so constantly looking at their feet that they would get no work done.—A commission of lunacy was lately held in London to inquire into the sanity of a very wealthy old gentleman of high family, named Joddrell. One of the facts alleged in proof of his lunacy was, that he would sometimes begin to read a newspaper and presently throw it down saying it was all nonsense.—Of the whole number of steam-boats built in the west, 90 have been lost or destroyed in the following manner, viz: 25 struck on snags; 6 were burnt; 1 stove by the ice; 1 sunk by another boat; and the remainder worn out.—Mr. Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore, has advertised that he will, if five dollars be sent him, transmit thereof as many Silk Worms eggs, as will lead to the production of from 150,000 to 500,000 next year.—We learn by the Sandusky, New-York, Clarion, that the merchandise landed at that port, the past season, amounts to the enormous sum of *one million, three hundred and nineteen thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three dollars.*—In 1825 the village of Rochester, N. Y. contained 5,271 inhabitants. It is supposed by a late census that their number will amount to about 11,000. This astonishing increase is without a parallel.—*Moral Improvement.*—The Grand Jury of McIntosh County, Geo. say “the moral habits of the community are such as to require no animadversion on their part.” In the same county, a man was fined five

dollars for cutting the end of the tail of his neighbor's cow, by which she was much injured, and suffered greatly in fly-time, in consequence of the loss of her fly-brush.—Two persons lately went Snake Hunting, in N. Kingston, R. I. and in a short time dug up 70 Black Snakes—from 2 feet 8 inches to 5 feet 16 inches in length. Their average length about 4 feet 6—making an aggregate of 315 feet. (Hunting Snakes! truly, it must be a sensible employment.—*Outrage.*)—The editor of the New Haven Register had his house windows broken in, sashes and all for no other cause, as he is aware, than that he neglected to illuminate his house, and to publish an account of the illumination, commenced by the students of Yale College, and joined by some of the citizens.—A man at Albany has been fined thirty dollars for telling a watchman he had not seen a certain man who was pursued as a thief when he had, and knew where he was.—A criminal under sentence of death in Butts county, Georgia, on Friday, 14th ult. when the hour of execution arrived, forbade the entrance of the sheriff into his prison, and succeeded in deterring him from the execution of his duty by threats.—Mr. Adamson, of Baltimore, recently shot, by accident, his little daughter Elizabeth, about seven years of age, who had accompanied him in a gaming excursion near the house. She died immediately.—Two members only of the legislature of Ohio (108 in all) are natives of that state: 37 are from Pennsylvania, and 25 from N. England.—*Mad Foxes.*—The townships of Rollis and Buxton, in the state Maine, have been infested to an alarming extent with foxes having the *hydrophobia*. Five were killed within one week, but not until after they had bitten several dogs and sheep. A likely story, no doubt.

*Revolutionary Soldiers.*—Every newspaper which we take up, contains an account of the departure to his long home, of some veteran soldier of the Revolution. Yet strange as the fact may seem, to look at the reports in Congress of the Committees on Revolutionary Claims, one would be led to suppose that the number of Revolutionary soldiers increased every year! They are gradually dropping off, in silence and obscurity, with none to narrate their adventures in the cause of freedom, and with as few to pity the poverty and desolation of the closing of their lives. We take the following from a Washington paper. It is an extract from the petition of a Revolutionary Soldier to Congress—

About 60 petitions and memorials were submitted—among others that of John Blake—a revolutionary officer. The following is an extract from his petition:

"When in the Jerseys, I captured several small detachments of refugees, which so irritated their commander, Col. Dalanca, that he offered a reward of sixty guineas to any person who might bring me to him, dead or alive. General Washington, then at Crumpond, in the state of New York, wrote me a letter to repair to his quarters. When I arrived, he says, 'Friend Blake, I have a pleasant tour of duty for you, which is to take a detachment of men, and make Col. Delanca, and his guard prisoners. I have heard he has offered a bounty for you; therefore I give you this opportunity to retaliate. Accordingly, the following night I repaired to his quarters; but before I arrived, I took two of his men, who gave me the *countersign*, by which means I was enabled to take the sentinels without alarming the guard.—I found the door belted, and went to the window, where I saw several officers playing at cards, one of whom inquired, *What was Trumps?* I immediately answered, *Black Jack of the Fifth Regiment!* at the same time ordering the window broken. The guard of 36 men and 6 officers were made prisoners, but the Colonel was absent and escaped.

I have at last attained my 74th year, without receiving the compensation due for my services, and have had the misfortune of having one of my arms broken; yet I am under

the necessity, even debilitated and disabled as I am, of *laboring* to support life. But soon will the vital spark expire, and free my country from my pressing importunities. Shall Congress be reproached with partiality? Why, then, do some, who served only nine months, receive their pensions as many years, whilst others, because they have, by persevering industry, obtained a scanty pittance, are reminded of their country's generosity. I sincerely hope, that while she so liberally rewards meritorious foreigners, who entered their service at the eleventh hour, she will not be unmindful of the free born sons of America—who bore the heat and burthen of the day. My countrymen, I reckon upon your justice and generosity."

These petitions were referred to the Committee on pensions.

The following anecdote, says the New Monthly Magazine, might make even the wife of a Stock Exchange agent *jalir d'envie*.

In Russia the consumption of tea is very considerable, and, consequently, an article much in demand at this fair. One merchant alone, who had just arrived with his caravan from the frontiers of China, had this year on sale teas to the value of 3,000,000 of roubles. This man who came always accompanied by his young wife, a lady possessing many personal attractions, yearly performed a journey to China at the head of his caravans. One day we met this lady at a shop, buying four shawls, for which she paid 12,000 roubles. We were surprised at seeing that a woman, who scarcely frequented society for twenty days in a year, (most of her time spent in travelling,) should waste so much money in mere articles of luxury; but she explained the riddle to us, when she noticed our surprise, by saying in a very graceful manner, that 'as her husband liked to see her dressed in the European fashion, she bought these articles to wear them in their journey through the deserts, her only happiness consisting in pleasing him.'—*Van Halen's Narrative.*

A Mr. Henry Clay, a Virginia dancing master, happened to alight at a public house for refreshment in a neighboring town, a few days since, and it was immediately rumored that Mr. *Henry Clay, Secretary of State*, had arrived; the rumor of course spread with great rapidity, and a great many people flocked to the tavern to see the Secretary, and among the rest an honest countryman, who observed to the dancing master, "That he had been taken to be the Secretary of State," who promptly replied, "No, my dear fellow, I am not the man: although we have the same name, and are about the same height, yet there is about six feet difference in our talents, his talents are in his head, and mine are in my heels."

There are forty one gentlemen now living, who were graduated at Yale College more than 60 years ago, and ninety-four who were graduated at the same college before the revolution.

The Burmese children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have seen a child, after taking its fill from its mother's breast, smoke a cigar with great relish.

**EPIGRAM—CHEAP BENEVOLENCE.**

The other day, says Ned to Jo,  
Near Bedlam's confines groping,  
Whene'er I hear the cries of wo,  
My hand is always open.

I own, says Jo, that to the poor  
You prove it every minute,  
Your hand is open to be sure,  
But then there's nothing in it.

## ORIGINAL MEMORANDA:

WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE TO INDIA—IN  
1826 & 7.

*Passage up Canton River to Macoa.*—The welcome cry of land! was first heard about day break in the morning. We had proceeded all night by the lead, and with such precision, that when the day dawned, we found ourselves directly at the entrance of one of the main channels leading into Canton River. The first objects I beheld on coming upon deck, were numerous black specks, scattered over the surface of the water in every direction, which I was at a loss to account for, until the increasing light removed the obscurity and displayed their outlines.

The scene that now suddenly presented itself, was extremely lively and interesting.—Fishing boats, in countless numbers, that had sought a harbor for the night along the contiguous shores, were either busily engaged in weighing their anchors, or had already spread their sails, and were rapidly gliding down the bay, to pursue their accustomed avocations. Large fleets continued to issue from all the adjacent coves and inlets, until the whole river seemed literally covered. They were generally small; being not more than fifteen or twenty feet in length, and were propelled by one or two sails made of coarse matting and the oar. All of them were furnished with eyes and teeth, painted on the bows as grotesquely as possible, for the purpose, as the Chinamen say, of frightening away the 'big fishes.' As they passed us in succession, the men commonly remained quiet, and regarded us with a solemn stare, but the women and children seemed to have as natural an inclination to make use of their vocal organs as in other climes; the former particularly, tuned their throats to the highest pitch, and saluted us with incessant cries of 'mi-ah!\*' as long as we remained within ear shot. These boats are the only habitations of the owners and their families; they seldom leave them, and by constant use, even the females and children become exceedingly dexterous and expert in their management. I observed several of the latter pulling at the oar with their mothers, though so small that it was necessary to support them by a cord tied round the waist, barely long enough to allow them to bend over with the necessary motion without falling. They have, all of them, a large gourd, or piece of cork suspended at their backs, to keep them afloat in case of accidents, which, with their uncouth dress, and little bob-tails, sprouting from the back part of their shaven crowns, gives them an appearance singular enough.

Several of the boats visited us in the course of the morning, which afforded us an opportunity of obtaining a supply of fish, and also to engage one of the most honest looking fellows among them, to pilot us as far as Macoa. Under his direction we continued our course between numerous small islands, which were, most of them, nothing more than barren rocks, with scarcely any sign of vegetation.

\* Mi-ah!—a common Chinese exclamation. Fan-qui-lo—white devils.

They appeared to consist almost entirely of granite, and as I afterwards found upon visiting some of them, presented nothing of much geological interest.

Our new pilot, whose name was Hip-see, had assured us that if the wind held 'us,' we should reach Macoa the same evening, but unfortunately, the wind instead of holding 'us,' died away in the afternoon to a total calm, and we were obliged to anchor, to prevent being drifted backwards by the tide. Our mortification at being thus condemned to our prison for another night, was so extreme, that Hip-see, who was certainly a good natured fellow, proposed to bend us up to the town in his boat, and though the night promised to prove damp and unpleasant, we accepted his offer. Accordingly, about eight o'clock in the evening, I left the ship with two other gentlemen, and being pulled by seven or eight stout boatmen, we were soon out of sight. The air was cold and raw as we had expected, but as the Chinamen had told us the distance was only about ten miles, we did not expect to remain exposed to its inconveniences more than a couple of hours at the farthest. But a couple of hours passed away, and a couple more that seemed twice as long, and still our ten miles appeared very little shortened. To add to our comfort, one of the Chinese who spoke a little English, now gave us to understand, that they were like to make very little progress against the tide, and recommended us to go below and endeavor to sleep. For this purpose, he removed three or four boards from a part of the deck, and displayed the entrance of a hole, into which we crept with some difficulty, and the covering being then replaced, found ourselves packed as tight as a barrel of mackerel. But though this, from the state of the weather, proved no inconvenience; all attempts on my part to invoke the drowsy god, were entirely vain. Imagination, the capricious jade, had been so busy with the novel and strange looking beings I had beheld during the day, that ere my eyes were well closed, she had furnished every one of them with noses three feet long, blubber lips, and eyes like a couple of wash-basins. Nonsensical as such vagaries were, I could not entirely divest myself of them; and after examining the 'Josh-house,' a little closet ornamented with a considerable quantity of tinsel, in which the images of Josh (the principal Chinese deity) and his lady were ogling each other by the light of a small lamp, and enjoying the fumes of matchstick, planted upright in pots of earth before them; and listening for some time to our boatmen, who were beguiling the time by singing in a soft, & not unmelodious tone, what I conjectured, from the sound, to be some kind of love ditty; I resigned my third of our scanty couch, and went again upon deck.

We were at this time proceeding along a bold, rocky shore, and soon after the master of our boat pointed out an indistinct mass of buildings upon the summit of a high promontory, which he stated to be one of the Portuguese forts. The water at this place was extremely phosphorescent; every dip of the oars, apparently turning up a mass of burning lava.

Several boats engaged in smuggling, were constantly passing and repassing, and being rowed by fifty or sixty oars, their motion was so rapid, and the agitation of the water so great, that they resembled streams of liquid fire, shooting in every direction over the surface of the river. At length, upon sounding the promontory above mentioned, I beheld a scene which put my imagination entirely at fault.—The highlands gradually sloped down to a low flat point, and stretching along the latter was a grove of burning torches, consisting probably of an hundred or more. They were apparently on shore, but constantly dodging and wavering about, with a kind of undulatory motion. Whilst I was still admiring this singular spectacle, our boatmen dropped their anchor, and in an instant the lights appeared to be in the greatest agitation. A moment after, to my utter astonishment, we were entirely surrounded by them.—And I now perceived for the first time, that each of the torches was attached to a small boat navigated by girls, all eagerly contending for the honor of landing us on the beach. "Gentlemen, come in my boat! come in my boat!" cried a dozen at once. "Gentlemen, my boat is the betterest, truly!" cried one who had just dashed alongside; and the copperfaced damsel pronounced the word 'truly,' so emphatically, and with such a doric accent, that I could not help stepping into it. But though her vessel might have been the 'betterest,' I soon found that in common with the shape, it possessed most of the properties of a washing tub, for it immediately dipped, and half filled with water. Nothing daunted by this, however, our water nymphs, (for there were two of them) adjusted a stool for me as near the centre of their 'San-pan' as possible, and after exchanging a good deal of 'lingo' with their less fortunate competitors, sculled us ashore without further accident.

Immediately upon landing, we were conducted to pay our respects to the Mandareen;—who exacted a dollar per head, and two dollars upon every trunk and package, for the privilege of landing upon the soil of the celestial empire: Though Mucoa belongs nominally to the Portuguese, having been regularly ceded to them by the emperor, for their aid in suppressing a formidable band of pirates, who formerly infested the mouth of the river. This tax is probably extorted by the Mandareen for the benefit of his own private pocket, but the Portuguese government is too shiftless to make any resistance, and all foreigners are consequently obliged to submit to it, both upon their landing and re-embarkation.

## THE OCEAN.

The ocean has its silent eaves,  
Deep, quiet and alone;  
Though there be fury on the waves,  
Beneath them there is none.  
The awful spirits of the deep  
Hold their communion there;  
And there are those for whom we weep,  
The young, the bright, the fair.  
Calmly the wearied seamen rest  
Beneath their own blue sea;  
The ocean's solitudes are blest,  
For there is purity.  
The earth has guilt, the earth has care,  
Unquiet are its graves;  
But peaceful sleep is ever there,  
Beneath the dark blue waves.

## SUNDRY ITEMS.

An Irish Sergeant on a march being attacked by a dog, pierced the animal with his halberd. On the complaint of the owner, the superior officer said to the offender—"Murphy, you have done wrong in this—you should have struck the dog with the butt end of your halberd, and not with the blade." "Praise your honor," says Murphy, "and I would ha' been glad to save myself the trouble of claiming my iron, if he had only been so kind as to bite me with his tail instead of his teeth."

During the protectorate of England, much ingenuity was used by the wits of the time, in order to hint that they entertained opinions which it would have been dangerous to avow openly. It was a common practice of the cavaliers, when drinking wine, to put a crum of bread in their glasses and say, "God send this crum well down." A preacher in those days was in the habit of using the following expression in his prayer for the government. "O Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of the servant Oliver, wilt thou put it into his heart also, to do according to thy word."

A young gentleman near Manchester, having a fine water spaniel, in order to exhibit his powers to some spectators, threw a stone into a pond; the dog went in after it, and brought up a green bag containing a fine violin and bow. An Irishman cried out, "throw another stone; who knows but the dog may bring up the fiddler himself! and then we can have a jig on the spot."

A NEW WAY OF TAKING NEWSPAPERS.—A few mornings since, a queer looking fellow from some part of Vermont, the expression of whose face resembled the frosty side of a canal boat, came into our office, and enquired if the "Troy Budget was printed here." On being answered in the affirmative, he said he "had been taking the Sentinel some time, but had got kinder broke down, and 'blieved he wouldn't take it no longer: he thought he should rather take the Budget." He was assured that his name would be cheerfully added to our list of subscribers, provided he paid in advance—a rule which we adhere to towards all strangers. The fellow looked as if he had been frost bitten. After divers contortions of the face, and two or three attempts to evade our terms, he made us the following proposition: "You don't never let people take your paper on commission, do you?"

## MONUMENT TO PAULDING.

ERECTED NEAR PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

On the front of the pedestal is the following Inscription:

Here reposes the mortal remains of  
JOHN PAULDING,  
Who died on the 18th day of February, 1818,  
in the 60th year of his age.

On the morning of the 23d of Sept. 1780,  
Accompanied by two young Farmers of the  
County of West Chester,

(Whose names will one day be recorded  
On their own deserved Monuments,)

He intercepted the British Spy, Andre:

## POOR HIMSELF,

He disdained to acquire wealth by the sacrifice of

## HIS COUNTRY.

Rejecting the temptation of Great Rewards,  
He conveyed his prisoner to the American  
Camp; and

By this Act of Noble Self-Denial,  
THE TREASON OF ARNOLD WAS DETECTED:

The Designs of the Enemy Baffled;  
West Point and the American Army saved;  
AND THESE UNITED STATES,

Now, by the Grace of God, Free and Independent,

RESCUED FROM MOST IMMINENT PERIL.

The fourth side of the Pedestal bears the following Inscription:

THE COPORATION  
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,  
ERECTED THIS TOMB,  
As a Memorial Sacred to  
PUBLIC GRATITUDE.

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind so great and good affections, as piety or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The psalms are remarkable beyond all other writings for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is in vain to look for in any human composition.

From the Boston Evening Bulletin.—A fellow in a brown thread bare surtout, cow hide brogues, and trowsers home made of two blue yarns here opposed to two black ones there—with a visage struggling between wonderment and dirt, surmounted by a chapeau that had been felt and flapped for many a season, strolled into the office, and very deliberately engrossed our only supernumerary chair—a very genteel companion forsooth, and a worthy! There he sat, with all the orifices and emunctories that emptied themselves or claimed outlets upon the surface of his noddle, open, wide open, gaping, staring, hearkening, and making wry efforts to think. For the space of an hour he spake not. There he stared like the everlasting rat in the mansion of Lord Fitzgallhogmagaul. Now and then the busy type setters would exchange shrewd grimaces and winks clandestine. Still the visiter sat and stared. We thought of Blackwood, and all his nightmare themes. The man was perfectly sober; and perfectly at home—he appeared to *voluptuate* in his own amazement. His countenance bespoke a variety of clumsy raptures and terrific enjoyments oddly mixed together; but his tongue lay motionless upon his nether grinders, while he sat, and stared, and seemed to ruminate. The pause was awful, 'twas past all endurance—the fidgets were fast taking hold of fingers that rattled among the types, and a sudden fit of cramp crooked our very quill. At length the stranger moved—and sneezed—and coughed, symptoms indicative of speech. He raised his right arm, and then the remainder of his body, and stood, and stared again. He spoke! and never did human accent touch the ear of suspense more melodiously.

"I say, mister, do you make books here?"

No, my friend, we make newspapers.

'Cause I want to buy a primer!"

A Quaker invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, inasmuch that the Quaker's patience was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee meat offering, and drink offering, and burnt offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee a heave-offering; and immediately threw him into the street out of the parlor."

## MISS BURNEY.

Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arbly, wrote her celebrated novel of Evelina, when only seventeen years of age, and published without the knowledge of her father, who, having occasion to visit the metropolis, soon after it had issued from the press, purchased it as the work then most popular, and most likely to prove an acceptable treat to his family.

When Dr. Burney had concluded his business in town, he went to Chessington, the seat of Mr. Crisp, where his family was on a visit. He had scarcely dismounted and entered the parlour, when the customary question of "What news?" was rapidly addressed to him by the several personages of the like party. "Nothing," said the worthy doctor, "but a great deal of noise about a novel which I have brought you."

When the book was produced, and its title read, the surprised and conscious Miss Burney turned away her face to conceal the blushes and delighted confusion which otherwise would have betrayed her secret; but the bustle which usually attends the arrival of a friend in the country, where the monotonous but peaceful tenor of life is agreeably disturbed by such a change, prevented the curious and happy group from observing the agitation of their sister. After dinner, Mr. Crisp proposed that the book should be read. This was done with all due rapidity; when the gratifying comments made during its progress, and the acclamations which attended its conclusion, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author, whose anxiety and pleasure could with difficulty be concealed, was at length overcome by the delicious feelings of her heart; she burst into tears, and throwing herself on her father's neck, avowed herself the author of Evelina. The joy and surprise of her sisters, and still more of her father, cannot easily be expressed. Dr. Burney, conscious as he was of the talents of his daughter, never thought that such maturity of observation and judgment, such fertility of imagination, and chasteness of style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen, by one who appeared a mere infant in artlessness and inexperience, and whose deep seclusion from the world had excluded her from all visual knowledge of its ways.

The following lines, on the omnipresence of Deity, are from "the Spirit and Manners of the Age." They are highly poetical and beautiful.

Above—below—where'er I gaze,  
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,  
Trae'd in the midnight planet's blaze,  
Or glistening in the morning dew;  
What'er is beautiful or fair,  
Is but thine own reflection there.  
I hear thee in the stormy wind,  
That turns the ocean wave to foam;  
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,  
When summer airs around me roam;  
The tempest and the calm declare  
Thyself, for thou art every where.

I find thee in the noon of night,  
And read thy name in every star  
That drinks its splendor from the light  
That flows from mercy's beaming ear:  
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem  
Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light  
Hath tipp'd the mountain tops with gold,  
Smote with the blaze, my wearied sight  
Shrinks from the wonders I behold;  
That ray of glory, bright and fair,  
Is but a living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,  
The twilight eve—the dewy morn;  
What'er is beautiful and bright,  
Thine hands have fashion'd to adorn:  
Thy glory walks in every sphere,  
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

## FROM THE BIJOU.

*A Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.*

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,  
All chivalrous romantic work  
Is ended now and past—  
That iron age, as some have thought  
Of mettle rather over wrought,  
Is now all over-east.

Ay, where those old heroic knights  
Of old—those armadillo wights  
Who wore the plated vest,—  
Great Charlemagne and all his peers  
Are cold, enjoying, with their spears,  
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound,  
So sleep his knights who gave that Round  
Old Table such elat;  
Old time has pluck'd the plummy brow,  
And none engage at tourneys now  
But those who go to law.

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,  
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,  
Orlando lies forlorn;  
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,  
Those early champions—what are they  
But knights without a morn.

No Percy branch now perseveres,  
Like those of old, in breaking spears—  
The name is now a lie;—  
Surgeons alone, by any chance,  
Are all that ever couch a lance  
To couch a body's eye.

Alas! for Lion-hearted Dick,  
That cut the Moslems to the quick,  
His weapon lies in peace;  
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,  
If they could only have a spice  
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a cold,  
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,  
That sealed the holy wall;  
No Saracen meets Paladin—  
We hear of no great *Saladin*,  
But only grow the small.

Our Cressys too have dwindled since  
To penny things—at our Black Prince  
Historic pens would scoff;  
The only ones we moderns had,  
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,  
And measles took him off.

Where are those old and feudal clans,  
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,  
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?  
A battle was a battle then,  
A breathing piece of work—but men  
Fight now with powder puffs.

The curtelax is out of date,  
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,  
'Tis gone—the archer's craft!  
No tough arm bends the springy yew,  
And jolly draymen ride in lieu  
Of death upon the shaft.

The spear the gallant tilter's pride,  
The rusty spear is laid aside—  
Oh, spits now dominion!  
The coat of mail is left alone,  
And where is all chain armor gone—  
Go ask a Brighton pier.

We fight in ropes and not in lists,  
Bestowing hand cuffs with our fists—  
A low and vulgar art!  
No mounted man is overthrown—  
A tilt!—it is a thing unknown—  
Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,  
Clad, like his chief, in steady garb,  
For warding steel's appliance;  
Methinks I hear the triumph stir—  
'Tis but the guard of Exeter,  
That bugles the Defiance.

In evils when will cavaliers  
Set ringing helmets by the ears,  
And scatter plumes about?  
Or blood—if they are in the vein?  
That tap will never run again,  
Alas, the *casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored  
By dint of battle-axe or sword,  
To find a vital place;  
Though certain doctors still pretend  
A while, before they kill a friend,  
To labor through his case.

Farewell, then ancient men of might  
Crusader, errants squire and knight!  
Our coast and custom soften:  
To rise would only make you weep—  
Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,  
As in a safety-coffin.

## HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pains, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

A wine merchant lately left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth, so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips, and pretended to leave the marks of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

An Irishman who was employed on the canal last spring, was observed one day very attentively watching a red-headed woodpecker while it was "tapping a hollow beech tree." On being asked what attracted his attention so marvellously—"I am speering," said he, "at the strange baste upon yonder tree—for sure enough the silly crathur has knocked his face against it till his head is all a gore of blood!"

## AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

## MAN.

At ten a child, at twenty wild,  
At thirty tame if ever—  
At forty wise, at fifty rich,  
At sixty good or never.

An Irishman who had but sixpence wanting to buy some whiskey, went into a shop for that purpose, and having received it, was called on for pay. After searching his pockets for some time he exclaimed, "Och honey, my money is like a wild colt; I have to drive it up in a corner to catch it."

Take *Nature's* path, and mad opinions leave;  
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;  
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;  
And, mourn our various portions as we please,  
*Equal is common sense and common ease.*

## A FATHER'S COUNSELS.

I would warn you against listening to any thing bad; we have so much evil within us, that it is very unwise—as well as sinful, to add to it by hearkening to a bad story, a bad song, or a bad toast. They will be retained by the memory, while good things are forgotten, therefore, cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

## ON A MISER WHO DIED 31 DECEMBER.

Here lies a miser, who beside  
A thousand other wretched shifts,  
On New Year's Eve expressly died,  
For fear of making New-Year's gifts.

A quick apprehension and lively imagination are seldom combined with a strong memory and solid judgment; but rather like razors, which are managed more by slight than by strength, and are better adapted to nice than to great occasions.

SCRUPLES.—Very nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftener a little one.—*Palmer's Aphorisms.*

## SAYINGS FROM ST. HIEROME.

Thou must bea Dove, and a Serpent; the one not to do hurt to others; the other not to be hurt by others.

All virtues are so united together, that he that wants one, wants all; and he that really hath one hath all.

Whatever it is a shame to speak, it is a shame also to think. Therefore the safest and perfectest course is to accustom the mind to watch over the thoughts, and at their first motion either to approve or reject them, so that good cogitations may be cherished, and the bad extinguished.

Beware of an itching tongue and itching ears; that is, do not detract from others, nor hearken to them that do detract from others.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a tailor like a lawyer?  
Why is a good scholar like a postman?  
Why is a look like a hospital?  
Why is a good coach horse like a good painter?  
Why is a fine woman like a diamond ring?  
Why are the stocks like a paper kite?  
Why is a cobbler like a parson?  
Why is a sash window like a sick person?

## EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,  
I've often read on other stones;  
And others soon shall read of thee,  
What thou art reading now of me.

## WILSON'S PANACEA.

The subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public that he having for the last five years been constantly in the employ of Mr. Swain, assisting in preparing and making his justly celebrated Panacea, he has commenced the business for himself, and vends the same kind of medicine under the name of WILSON'S PANACEA, and he pledges himself that the Panacea made by him possesses all the restorative powers of that sold by Mr. S., it being composed of precisely the same ingredients; either a trial or comparison will establish the fact. As the subscriber offers his PANACEA much lower than the usual price of Swain's, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

This medicine has the decided preference over every other medicine for the cure of Scrofula, King's evil, Rheumatism, Syphilis and Mercurial diseases, ulcers sores, general debility, and all diseases arising from impure blood. It has proved beneficial in nervous and dyspeptic complaints generally. White Swelling, diseases of the skin, liver, &c. Those whose constitutions are broken down by mercurial diseases, should submit to a course of Wilson's Panacea. It is a safe, though powerful substitute for mercury, and removes those evils which an unsuccessful use of that mineral frequently occasions. It will be found of great service as a spring and fall medicine by those whose constitutions require nourishment and new vigor.

Price two dollars per bottle, or twenty dollars per dozen.

AGENTS.—Frederick Klett, Druggist, N. E. corner of Cal- lowhill and 2d street; Henry K. Harrison, Druggist, No. 472 South Front st; Joseph Shoemaker, Druggist, S. W. corner of 12th and Locust street; John G. Brown, Druggist, corner of 3d and Vine street; Mr. Lamorella, S. E. corner of Dock and 2d street, Philadelphia—and John M. Wilson, No. 1, Old Slip, New York; W. D. Lehman, Raleigh, N. C. John B. Spencer, Centerville, Eastern Shore, Maryland; Dr. Howell Davies, at Lynchburg, Va.; Henry Lazarus, Mobile. Communications, post paid, and orders for the medicine from any part of the world, will receive immediate attention.

## WILSON'S WORM MEDICINE.

Wilson's Worm Medicine, for the cure of Dysentery, Summer Complaints, Cholera Morbus, sickness at the stomach, loss of appetite, Worms, &c. for sale by the subscriber.

THOMAS WILSON,

No. 65 Dock street, three doors below Walnut street, Philadelphia. Nov. 17—15

## INSURANCE ON LIVES.

THE Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on lives and Granting Annuities and Endowments, continue to make all kinds of contracts in which the contingencies of life are involved.

One of the principal objects of this Company is, to afford to the public the means of guarding against the calamities and misfortunes which so often occur by the death of persons on whom others are dependent for support;—this may be accomplished by effecting insurance on lives.

INSURANCES.—Persons who possess but limited incomes, sufficient to support themselves and families during their lives, but have not the prospect of saving a sum adequate to the future support of their families in case of their death, by paying a small sum annually to this company, may insure, for the benefit of their families, a sum sufficient for their comfortable support. Merchants, mechanics, clerks, officers of the army and navy, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, masters of vessels, and all others whose families might be in danger of being reduced to poverty and distress, by the death of those on whose daily exertions they are dependent, may avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by this company to provide against such calamities, by insuring their lives.

Persons who possess incomes from life estates, may insure the lives of those on whom such incomes are dependent.—Or, a creditor may insure the life of a debtor, should he be in danger of sustaining a loss by his death.

Insurances may be effected for a limited period, as for a journey or a voyage, for one, two, three or seven years, or for the whole duration of life.

ANNUITIES.—Persons advanced in life, who possess a sum of money, the interest of which is not sufficient for their support, by depositing it with the company may receive an annuity much greater than could be received from the interest of the same sum; or should it be preferred to defer the Annuity for a few years, a still larger amount might be received during the remainder of their lives.

ENDOWMENTS.—Parents may secure to their children a gross sum, or endowment, payable at the age of twenty-one years, sufficient for small stocks to commence business for their sons, or respectable marriage portions for their daughters, by depositing a small sum, at their birth, with this company; written applications should mention the age, state of health and residence of the parties on whose lives the contracts are to depend, and are to be directed (post paid) to either of the undersigned.

THOMAS ASTLEY, President.  
THOMAS T. SMILEY, Actuary.

## WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

THIS work is published Monthly at Cincinnati, Ohio, at \$3 per annum. Subscribers in Philadelphia will be supplied free of postage, on application to the Editor of the Ariel, who is Agent for the work, and at whose Office it may be seen;